

"The solid merits of Mr. Greeley's History are many and rare. Its comprehensiveness separates it from and lifts it above all contemporaries."—Free Will Baptist Quarterly. (See page 8.)

National



Triune.

"Mr. Greeley's History is entirely above comparison with any of the contemporaneous works that have been written."—Buffalo Press. (See page 8.)

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1899.

VOL. XVIII—NO. 16—WHOLE NO. 911.

Pen Pictures of Guerrilla Life in Cuba

By THOMAS C. ESTERMAN.

Copyright, 1898, by the Publishers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

SYNOPSIS.
The author, an American gun-maker, in business in Manzanillo, being fond of adventurous experiences, was easily persuaded to accompany one of the Cuban officers to a camp in the Eastern province to repair an outfit of Mauser rifles, and he was by no means averse to sharing for awhile the fortunes of the Cuban patriots. In preceding chapters he told how he, Lieut. Estevan, and others went on a hunting-trip to the Sierra Vascos. They have many experiences on the excursion. They capture a Spanish spy hidden in the shanty of an old woman known as Aunt Teresa and returned to camp.

XII.

Our Spanish spy was too risky a prisoner to be trusted with out-door

moderate charge of powder and the rather good-sized regulation ball. Our prisoner had brought his armor-plate along, and was invited to witness the preparations.

"And so you are ready to bet that your cuirass will stop that ball?" asked Lieut. Estevan.

"I haven't got much to stake, sir," said the target-maker; "but betting ain't fair, anyhow, when you have a sure thing. Just let's take this outside, say, 20 steps from this shed."

"All right," said the Captain. We all thought he was

breast, but it lacked 10 inches to touch his body anywhere, except where he held it with his finger-tips. Now wait a minute, and let's try something else."

He strolled over to the kitchen-shanty, and presently returned with an empty bottle. "Let me see that, now," said he, and after standing up the bottle close against a stump, he broke off a couple of short sticks and braced the target against the bottle.

"Now, what's your bet, gentlemen?" he inquired, as he ranged the old musket from a tree in front of my workshop. The distance this time was nearly 50 yards, but the bottle flew to pieces as if it had been struck with a trip-hammer.

"Yes, indeed; that puts the question in a different light," said the Captain; "if that thing had been close against a man's breast and ribs, the owner of the ribs mightn't have much to laugh about. What about that, amigo?"

up. We could see the target swing, but not a trace of the predicted shower of splinters.

"Well, you hit it, anyhow," said the Captain, when we had examined the knot shield for and aft. But that was a poor consolation for the fact that my bullet had merely dented the pine-wood. It had struck about half an inch above Serg't Castro's first shot, and cut clean through a surface-layer of straps, and then dug a deep cavity into one of the knots, but without breaking any more leather, and the resisting power of the compressed things had finally caused it to recoil. The bullet had certainly not pierced the armor altogether, and could not be found, though Joe hunted for it more than half an hour.

"What do you all say?" laughed Lieut. Estevan; "suppose we let shoes go, and set this new friend of ours to weaving leather undershirts, as far as our supply of hides will reach 'round."

In recompense of his revelation our prisoner was admitted to the symposium that evening, and between songs and dramas of berry-cider amused his entertainers by drawing caricatures on the blank leaves of Lieut. Salinez's notebook. He professed to be a self-taught artist, but some of his sketches were really clever and started all-round banter enough to illustrate the free-and-easy type of our military discipline.

"Look here; that's a message from a fortune-teller, Hernandez," said the owner of the notebook, handing one of the Corporals a profile-sketch of a patriarch with an exaggerated Hebrew nose; "that's how you will look in 10 years from now."

But Corp'l H—— was pretty good at that game himself. "You don't say so?" he drawled out, then managed to get hold of the pencil, and soon after produced another communication from the seer through the keyhole of futurity. "That's how you will look in a couple of years," said he, handing the Lieutenant a sketch of a biped dangling at the end of a rope from the projecting limb of a forest tree; "at least, if they ever get you," he added, in allusion to the fact that his superior officer had a foible for marching, and that the Spaniards had repeatedly threatened to hang him without the preliminary of a drum-head court-martial.

AN ESCAPED PRISONER.
The second box of rusty Mausers had kept me pretty busy for a week, and Joe earned his board by scraping away a double package of sand-paper, but often got permission to devote the warm afternoon to a berry hunt, and a few minutes after starting out with his basket one evening came rushing back to inform me that another prisoner had made his escape, and the Domador had gone in pursuit with the dog and assistants.

"Who is it," I asked; "another one of those darkies?"
"No; guess again," said Joe, "it's the whitest man in the lot; it's Don Pedro, the fellow that kept you awake so often with his guitar. They will never get him back if it is true that he's got a start of 20 hours."

"What? How could they help missing him that long?"
Peter Navarro, our minstrel and Quartermaster's clerk, had enjoyed many privileges of a trustee, but the officers kept an eye on him, and it had been the jailor's custom to lock him up at the conclusion of his performances every evening; but there were occasions when he pleaded fatigue and preferred to fall in rank with the other prisoners that went to their dormitory soon after sunset.

Somebody had answered his name at the last evening roll-call, but Serg't Galvez confessed that he had omitted the precaution of bringing his lantern along, and had locked up the prisoners in the dark. And just about that time our trustee seemed to have struck out for the broad land of freedom. Both the Quartermaster and Lieut. Estevan had started for the signal station early the next morning, and Navarro was supposed to have accompanied them. On the Captain's return, however, the absence of the clerk caused inquiries, which soon elicited the fact that he had not been seen since the twilight of the preceding evening. At that time one of the scouts had seen him slip into the Commissary building in a rather suspicious manner, but remembering his privileges, had not felt himself called upon to make a report.

And now he was gone, for good, very likely, for only unusual bad luck could have prevented him from reaching the Rio Mayo before sunrise and vanishing into the mountain labyrinth beyond.

"If Galvez hadn't been on hand it would have been sheer waste of time to chase him," said the Captain. "As it is, there's just a bare chance if they strike his trail on this side of the river."

A NEW MINSTREL.
But the old track-hunter's skill had its limits, and about 5 p. m. on the afternoon of the next day Galvez & Co. returned, weary and footsore, without as much as a clew to the present whereabouts of our minstrel. The dog had failed to strike or notice the cold trail and exhausted the patience of its biped co-workers by leading them into rabbit-warrens.

"Didn't they miss him in the morning?" I asked Lieut. Salinez.
"No. It's this way," said he:

"At sunrise Galvez called out a dozen darkies for timber-work, and one of the trustees let out a few of the rest an hour after. Navarro had his choice between the two roll-calls, and that gave him his great advantage. He wasn't under lock and key at all that night, and there's not a ghost of a hope to find out who answered his name for him. Your friend Estevan considers that the best trait about Spanish rascals is that you can't get them to betray one another, but that's also what makes them such dangerous conspirators."

The deserter's clerical functions reverted to the Lieutenants, and the impressarios of our musical entertainments had to fall back upon the solos of Corp'l Marquez, a tenor with a considerable repertoire of Spanish and West Indian arias, but past the prime of his vocal abilities. The decline of his prestige, he informed me, dated from the time when he began to smoke, and he confessed that the inveteracy of the habit had come to preclude the hope of reform.

"But perhaps you are mistaken," I remarked; "your voice may improve when you get out of this wilderness, where you can't help catching cold." His reply, I own, inclined me to revise my theories on that point.

"Did I ever tell you that I used to make my living singing at concerts, Don Tomas? I did that for five years," he said; "so I ought to know something about this matter. Our best vocalists are choir boys, because they don't know much about tobacco; and in your country female singers beat the men, because your ladies hardly ever smoke."

TO AMBUSH SPANISH RAIDERS.

The long-expected messenger from Col. Parras arrived on the morning of Oct. 22, and for the next three days our camp was in a bustle of preparations. "Send eight men in charge of Serg't Castro," said the pencil-scribble, "and let them start in time to meet me at the Canas River ford, three miles east of San Felipe, on the night after next Wednesday, Oct. 27. Pick the best horsemen you can spare," the writer added, "but start them afoot; we can furnish them mounts down here, if they bring bridles and blankets along."

There was no hint as to the purpose of the expedition; but it was surmised that the Colonel contemplated a raid upon the Government stock-farms near Calabazas, in the valley of the Rio Sagua.

"This will be mostly night work," said the Quartermaster, when I asked his permission to join the foray; "better wait till there is a chance to get your trouble's worth of sightseeing."

The next day our pot-hunters scattered, in the hope of being able to send our commanding officer a present of game, but towards evening a galloping messenger sallied to recall those foragers; another scout had arrived on a short-notice errand, and Capt. Holgar wished to convene an emergency council.



BY DR. J. P. CANNON, Co. C, 27th Ala.

Copyright, 1898, by the Publishers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dr. Cannon, who was a young Alabama boy when the civil war broke out, entered the rebel army not long previous to the battles of Forts Henry and Donelson. After Shiloh, Dr. Cannon and others of his regiment became members of the 45th Miss., and went on the Kentucky campaign, participating in the battle of Perryville and retreating to Knoxville. Finally they went into Winter quarters at Port Hudson, and were present during the naval attack. They were ordered to Tennessee, then sent back to Jackson, Miss., and moved about, as if a battle was impending.

CHAPTER XI.

May 15, 1863.—We left the position which we have occupied for two days, and overtaking the brigade moved on toward Jackson. The sun came out hot and soon dried our wet clothes. After alternate halting and marching all day we stopped about dark in the woods, where there were great piles of dead timber and dry brush, just ready for the match. In a little time we had bright fires burning, which illuminated the surrounding country, and being in a merry mood we laughed and talked and yelled till near midnight. We went to sleep under the impression that such big fires and so much noise would not have been allowed if the enemy was near, and that they had either taken some other route toward Jackson or possibly returned to the vicinity of Vicksburg.

May 16, 1863.—While we were breakfasting on the last remnants of our scanty rations a sudden volley of artillery in our immediate front announced to us that the Yankees were not so far away as we had imagined. It was a surprise to us, if not to our commanders. Everything was astir in a moment, and we were hastily thrown into line of battle, our division (Loring's) constituting the right wing, Bowen the left and Stevenson the center.

Skirmishing began at once and continued about an hour, when we fell back a mile for a better position. The enemy moved up promptly, and skirmishing got heavier until 1 p. m., when the roar of musketry and artillery told plainly that the battle had fairly opened on the left. We remained in position, listening in suspense at the dreadful work of carnage until 2 p. m., when we were ordered to the scene of action.

We double-quickened, it seemed to us, at least three miles under a blistering

either retreat or surrender. Bowen's and Stevenson's Divisions were thrown against the enemy's right wing, and succeeded in getting possession of the Vicksburg road, along which they took up the line of retreat, leaving us entirely cut off from the remainder of the army.

They were closing in on us, it seemed, from every direction, and it was useless to continue the struggle against such odds. Gen. Loring, as rapidly as possible, drew off his command, with our brigade protecting the rear, and by forming successive lines of battle wherever the nature of the ground gave us an advantage we held the advancing Federals in check till the division was in full retreat.

About sundown the command had passed through a field—all except our regiment, which was the extreme rear—and we were in a double-quick, though for the most part only "marking time," as the column ahead of us had struck a swamp, which caused a blockade.

While in this predicament the Yankees came pouring over the hill behind us, and the sharpshooters were getting in their work on both flanks.

A RUSH FOR SAFETY.

The dread of being "plugged in the back" was uppermost in my mind, and the temptation to break ranks and make for the timber was so strong it required all the grit I could summon to resist it; but, after a long time, as it seemed to us, the column was "stretched out," and gave us room to show our speed in a race for the timber, which we reached just as the yelling, surging masses of the enemy entered the field on the opposite side.

When we were in condition to survey the situation more calmly we could see why it was that we were not annihilated when jammed up in a solid mass exposed to the fire of ten times our number. The distance was greater than we imagined in our excited state of mind, and very many of the shots must have fallen short.

We were out of the clutches of the enemy for the time, and it was but a short time till welcome night spread her mantle over and around us, effectually concealing us from our bloodthirsty pursuers; but we were in the woods without a road or star to guide us, almost surrounded by a foe flushed with victory, wagons and artillery captured or gone to Vicksburg, and no rations in our haversacks.

jobs, so our Provost-Marshal turned a nook of the calaboose cavern into a tailor-shop. Tia Teresa's guest would have preferred shoe-making, but we did not have leather enough to indulge his predilection.

"Are you going to forward him to Headquarters?" I asked the Captain, when he was making amends for his reprimand by commenting on the importance of our capture.

"No, not if I can help it," he said; "the Spaniards shoot all our spies without privilege of appeal, and Gen. Garcia would be obliged to retaliate. We shall keep him as long as we can, and dismiss him with a kick when things should take a turn to preclude the risk of his doing us any more harm."

In the meantime our captive was evidently trying to make himself useful enough to improve his chance of survival, and one day favored the Sergeant with a communication that seemed to be something more than a scheme for a return trip to Chapala.

The Spanish officers of the Bayamo Garrison, he said, had made experiments with several patterns of bullet-proof uniforms, and he himself had once undertaken a ticklish mission with a cuirass of that sort and examined the manner of its construction. Neither reports nor personal observation had enabled him to ascertain if the armor could be warranted Mauser-proof, but he was sure that it would resist ordinary musket-balls.

Capt. Holgar burst out laughing. "That, then, disposes of another miracle story! You remember that yarn of poor Escalcante blazing away at a Spanish officer six steps in front of him and being horrified to see that it only made his target grin. He was sure the fellow must be in league with El Demonio, since no ordinary charm would have averted dangers of that sort. But now we know what kind of an amulet he was wearing."

"I always thought he just missed," said Lieut. Salinez. But we all agreed that the armor recipe would be worth investigating, and Aunt Teresa's boarder was arraigned for cross-examination. The Bayamo officers, he said, had tested several patterns, which he could describe only from hearsay; but the approved one he knew to consist of rawhide straps, knotted in massive bunches and strung together into a sort of network. He was sure that almost any kind of half-tanned leather would do.

We had cowhides enough to settle the question, and our prisoner undertook to manufacture a 15-inch specimen target that same day.

The committee on protective armor assembled in my workshop the next morning, and Serg't Castro loaded an old-fashioned Spanish musket with a

going to stand his shield against a tree. "No such ball will go through," said our prisoner confidently. The little mongrel certainly had the courage of his convictions, for, after stepping off some 20-odd paces, he faced about and held up the target squarely in front of his own breast.

"Blaze away, now,"

he bawled; but the Sergeant hesitated. "Hold on there a minute," interposed the Captain. "Let's try the first shot against a tree."

The conglomeration of massive knots was stuck up in a bush, and Serg't Castro fired from a rest against my door-post.

"I bet you I knock that thing, anyhow," said he; and won his wager in one sense of the word, for the target was driven clean through the bush into a patch of weeds on the other side.

But after picking it up and examining it carefully for at least 10 minutes, Capt. Holgar slapped our prisoner's shoulder:

"Well done, target-maker and sharp-shooter both," said he. "You hit that square in the center, Sergeant, but your bullet didn't go through."

We all crowded around to verify that statement. A plain indenture near the mathematical center of the square shield attested the accuracy of the Sergeant's aim, but the bullet had failed to break the resisting power of those multiplex knots, and must either have recoiled or got flattened out and dropped in the bush.

Four other shots were fired at longer and shorter range, but with the same result, though the two last times I had tried the effect of a rather heavy charge of powder.

"That fellow certainly knew what he was talking about," said the Captain; "and that may account for the escape of a good many hidalgos who were poking fun at the poor marksmanship of our men."

"Just give me leave to try one more shot," said pot-hunter Pacheco, who had been watching the proceedings with keen interest. "Did you notice the way our tailor was holding that thing up the first time? He had it in front of his

"HE CERTAINLY HAD THE COURAGE OF HIS CONVICTIONS, FOR HE FACED ABOUT AND HELD UP THE TARGET SQUARELY IN FRONT OF HIS OWN BREAST."

"Oh, you'd feel it, of course," said the target-maker; "but I warrant that it won't kill you or break your bones, either, unless—" "Unless what?"

"Except if the man you hit should be a particularly sickly kind of a fellow."

"I should say he would be apt to feel particularly sick for a year after," remarked the pot-hunter dryly.

TRYING IT WITH MAUSERS.

We agreed to try a practical experiment with the first yearling or pig we could catch alive.

"But what about our Mausers?" asked Lieut. Salinez. "Do you think they will go through?"

"I know they will," I replied. The spy's talk had made me feel quite sure of that.

"Why not try a shot for the fun of the thing?" said the Lieutenant; "and take a reasonable range, this time—say 200 yards—something 'like in actual fighting."

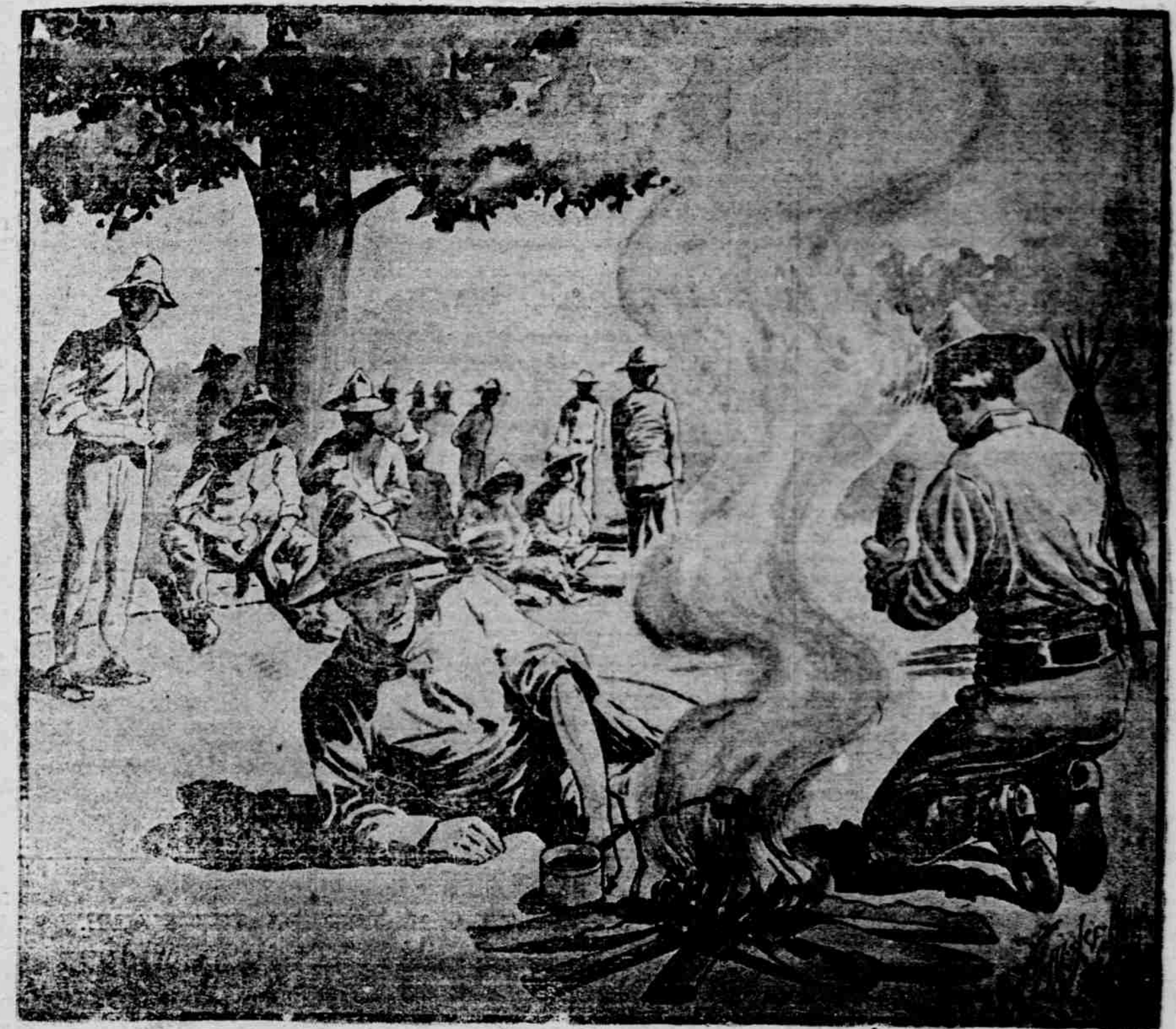
"All right," said I, and carried the life-preserver to a mountain-pine about 250 steps from the door of my shanty. As bottles were rather too scarce for continued experiments, I peeled off a flake of bark, and fastened the target against the smooth wood.

"Don't you bet too much now," the Spanish spy whispered in my ear, as I passed him on my return trip.

"Anyone got a mind to try?" I asked, after loading my hunting Mauser.

"No; you go ahead," said the Captain.

I confess a temptation to aim at the upper edge, where the target had already been pretty well battered by previous shots, but the dread of a possible miss suggested the expedience of fair dealing, so I pulled down on the center, or, allowing for distance, about one inch higher



"WE DREW A SMALL RATION OF BEEF, WITHOUT SALT OR BREAD, BROILED IT ON THE COALS, AND IT RELIEVED TO SOME EXTENT THE GAWING AT THE STOMACH."

"What's up? Order countermanded?" I inquired, when Lieut. Salinez entered my shop to inspect our stock of available rifles.

"No such luck," said he, "or there would for once be a chance for real fun. This is a message from Barbacoa, where the Spaniards are going to raid a mansion to-morrow, and the neighbors sent us a tip about a scheme to intercept the troopers and recover the plunder, with very little risk to ourselves if they do not come in altogether unexpected force."

Several of our regiment were killed and wounded at the first volley, and it was about this time that Gen. Tilghman was killed by a cannon-shot. By 4 p. m. it was evident even to the lowest private that we were whipped, and must

sun, with not a drop of water in our canteens, and when we reached the battlefield were almost exhausted, but dashed into the fray with cheers and yells to encourage our boys, who were slowly falling back. Stimulated by our presence some of them rallied and returned to the onset, and the battle raged furiously again.

Several of our regiment were killed and wounded at the first volley, and it was about this time that Gen. Tilghman was killed by a cannon-shot. By 4 p. m. it was evident even to the lowest private that we were whipped, and must

Staff officers were stationed on the line of march, warning us not to speak above a whisper, as we were passing between two bodies of the enemy. Slowly and silently as a funeral procession we groped our way through woods and fields and swamps until midnight, when, considering ourselves temporarily safe, we discussed the events of the day, our hazardous retreat and marvelous escape.

The universal opinion was freely expressed that Gen. Pemberton must have handled his troops very badly. While we were probably too much outnumbered to have gained a victory, if good

(Continued on second page.)